

Little Blessing in Disguise by kunoichihatake

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Summary:

My first ST fic ahhh!!! Just a lil angst/fluff about my boy Steve (,:

Little Blessing in Disguise

God, I'm stupid. You stared at the white stick in your shaking hand and two red lines stared back at you. *I can't fucking believe this . Fuck .*

Next to you, your best friend Nancy Wheeler squeezed your thigh. "It's going to be alright, Y/n."

"No, Nance, it isn't. I had a one night stand with the most popular guy in school -- who probably doesn't even remember my name -- and I didn't use protection and now I'm..." You couldn't bring yourself to say it; it was almost as if saying the word would speak it into existence and make this nightmare come true. A few tears began to slide down your face, and Nancy rubbed your back.

"What are you going to do?" she whispered, and you shook your head.

"I have no fucking clue." You laughed sardonically, wiping your face with your sleeve.

"How are you going to tell Steve?" You turned to face her.

"Nancy, I can't tell him. He was drunk, so he probably doesn't remember anyway."

"Y/n, you have to tell him."

"And how, exactly?" You sighed. "Do I just walk up to him and be like, 'Hey, you probably don't know who I am, but you're the father of my unborn child?' I can't, Nancy. It's not like he'll want anything to do with... *this* anyway, he's a teenage boy for fuck's sake."

Nancy pressed her lips together. "I still think you need to tell him. He's the father, and he has a right to know. Plus, you might be pleasantly surprised. I've heard that Steve Harrington is not as cruel as you would think."

You snorted. "Yeah, right. 'King Steve' has got to be a huge teddy bear."

Nancy squeezed your shoulder. "Tomorrow, I'll get him away from his friends so you can talk to him. Just get it over with, okay?"

You sighed, wiping the last few tears off your face. "Okay."

"I can't do this, Nancy. I've already thrown up three times this morning. I can't talk to him."

Nancy put her textbook in her locker and closed it, turning back to look you directly in the eyes. "You have to, Y/n. If you keep putting it off, it's only going to feel worse. And the puking is from morning sickness."

You grabbed her shoulder. "Shut up," you whispered. "I don't need everyone in this damn school to know." She squeezed your hand.

"Here he comes. Deep breath, Y/n." Nancy removed your hand from her shoulder and walked up to Steve and his posse. You watched as she began talking quietly to Steve, and turned away when you saw him glance at you, your cheeks burning. *Act casual. Act casual. Damn! Do something* . You began to fiddle with the locker in front of you, spinning the dial.

"Hey, Y/n." Steve leaned against the locker beside you, and you tried to swallow the lump in your throat. "Nancy said you needed to talk to me?"

You took a deep breath and turned to face him, but couldn't bring your eyes to meet his. "I...I... I'm..."

He placed a hand on your shoulder, and you shivered. "Look, Y/n, if this is about the other night... I enjoyed our time together, but I'm not really looking for a relationship right now. Sorry." Your cheeks burned redder, and he turned to walk away.

"Steve, wait." He stopped and looked back at you, and you tried to find your voice again. You walked closer to him, so your chests were almost touching, and whispered as you stared into his soft brown eyes. "I'm pregnant. You're the father." Your eyes began to water, but

you continued staring at him, waiting for him to say something, *anything* . “Steve?”

“Y/n, I...” You shook your head, looking down at your feet and letting the tears fall. *I knew it. I fucking knew it .*

“You know what? Never mind.” You turned on your heel and walked away, ignoring Steve and Nancy calling your name as you half-walked, half-ran out to your car. You sat in the driver’s seat and didn’t even bother to turn the ignition before you broke down completely, sobbing into your hands for what seemed like hours. You didn’t care that you were missing your English quiz. It didn’t matter. You had English with Steve, anyway, and you were too ashamed to show your face around him again.

You were pulled out of your thoughts by a tap on your passenger window, and you looked up to see Steve, pointing to the door handle. You sighed and unlocked your passenger door, wiping your eyes as he climbed in.

“Y/n, I’m so sorry for the way I acted earlier.”

You shook your head. “It’s fine, Steve.”

“No, it’s not.” You turned to him, looking into his eyes and seeing determination in them -- the same determination that got you to sleep with him in the first place. “I was shocked, and I didn’t know what to say, but that’s no excuse.” He looked down at his hands and took in a breath before looking back into your eyes. “I’m going to help you raise the baby. I swear on it.”

“Steve, you don’t have to...”

“No, Y/n, I do. This is my child, too, and I don’t want them growing up without a dad because he was stupid and didn’t care. I’m going to stick around for the long term. Look, we graduate in a few months, and then we can buy a little apartment or something and raise the baby while you go to community college. I’ll get a job at Melvald’s or something, enough to make ends meet.”

You wiped your eyes again and took his hand. “No, you should go to

college. I'll get a job, work off some of that baby weight." You chuckled, but Steve shook his head.

"Y/n, I'm nowhere near as smart as you. I don't want you to waste your genius brain, okay?" You shook your head, but he tightened his grip on your hand, and you saw that he was serious. "I don't mind working a dead-end job for the rest of my life if it gives our child a future. I love them already, and I love you, too."

You looked directly into his eyes once more. "You... love me?" He squeezed your hand, nodding.

"I love you, Y/n. And I can't wait to start our little family." He leaned over to kiss you gently, and kissed your belly as you smiled. *Maybe this baby was a blessing, after all.*